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NEGRO CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL OF SANTA ROSALIA.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XVIII.—NEGRO CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL OF SANTA ROSALIA.

ST. ROSALIE, or, more correctly, in the Italian idiom, Santa Rosalia, was a virgin, beautiful as good, the niece of William the Good, a prince of the Norman line, who reigned in Sicily from 1150 to 1154. William the Good was succeeded by his son William the Bad, under whom the island became the scene of civil wars and all kinds of iniquities. The bad king's fair cousin, Rosalia, had from her infancy shown symptoms of sanctity; and in the sixteenth year of her age, seeing the wickedness of the world, she deserted it altogether, and retired to the solitary mountains. When she disappeared, in 1159, the people thought she had been taken to heaven: but it seems she had only retired to a mountain cave, and having been disturbed in it, she sought the summit of the lofty and rugged mountain Pellegrino, near Palermo, where she lived in a curious natural grotto or cave, until she died.

Santa Rosalia died, of course, in the odour of sanctity; and between four and five hundred years afterwards, when Palermo was visited with a dreadful plague (in 1624), some man told the people how he had a vision, that the bones of the saintly virgin were lying unhonoured in the cave at the top of Pellegrino; and that if they were taken up with due reverence, and carried in procession three several times round the walls of the city, the plague would immediately cease. All this was done; the bones (that is, some kind of bones) were preserved in a richly inlaid silver box; the grotto was turned into a place of pilgrimage, having a chapel built at the mouth of the cave; and Santa Rosalia became the tutelar saint of Palermo.

The annual celebration of the festival of Santa Rosalia is the grandest in Sicily; and the Sicilians say it is the grandest in the world. It takes place annually in the month of July, at the city of Palermo, and lasts five days. On the first day, a gigantic car, rising up like a tower, eighty feet high, is dragged forth, drawn by a long string of mules or oxen. In this car are seated a great number of musicians, and above them appears a massive silver statue of Santa Rosalia. A grand procession of ecclesiastics, soldiers, &c. &c. accompanies the car, which is taken through the chief streets of Palermo. It is usually splendid weather at the time of the annual celebration of the festival; and the five days of its duration are marked by extraordinary displays of rejoicing, festivity, and at the conclusion there are horse races.

This Sicilian festival has been copied by Romish ecclesiastics, who have transplanted themselves and their superstitions from Europe to South America; and our engraving exhibits an amusing and ludicrous *travestie* of it by the negro slaves. To a thinking mind, the annual celebration of the festival in Sicily is a scene humbling enough, though *there* the enthusiasm of the people, (who devoutly worship the memory and image of the reputed holy lady) and the splendour of

the affair, combine to diminish a feeling of contempt, or at least of regret. Besides, the festival is celebrated in the immediate locality of the place where the hermitic virgin is supposed to have lived her life of seclusion and sanctity. But its celebration in South America, and by the negroes, makes an absurdity exquisitely rich and grotesque, of which our engraving is a happy illustration.

The exuberant buoyancy with which the negroes enter into any merry-making or holiday, is a well-known characteristic; and here we have them in all the wild extravagance of delight. Mark the mock king and queen in the centre of the procession!—their sable majesties are beaming full of glorious gratification, and are sending out upon their subjects gracious and condescending smiles. Flowers are strewed in their path; two of their subjects are in mock prostration before them; another is firing a pistol in the air; behind them is *the court*; and as the procession of *legal* and *noble* personages advances, with banners and music, the air is rent by the shouts of the black multitude. The musicians in the foreground are worthy of special examination; and altogether the whole scene is exceedingly life-like and characteristic.

A PAPER ON TOBACCO.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

“ You takers of tobacco and strong waters,
Mark this!”

BEN JONSON.

“ SHEPHERD, where's your pipe?” said Miss Amantina Dow-sabel Higgins, as she rambled forth one fine summer's morning into the grassy meads, all bespangled with daisies, amid which a purling stream meandered, while the air around was musical with the tinkling of sheep-bells, the singing of birds, the humming of bees, and other pleasant sounds of rural life: “ Where's your pipe?” she repeated, in mellifluous accents, to a young countryman, who, stretched at his length on the bank of the streamlet, appeared, by the look of bewilderment he turned on the fair questioner, to be utterly confounded and stricken dumb by the effulgent blaze of her charms, even as was the lout Cymon while gazing on Iphigenia.

Suspecting this to be the case, and deeming that a more familiar mode of expression would inspire him with confidence, the maiden for the third time sweetly lisped out the query, substituting, in the place of “ Shepherd,” the name “ Corydon,” which she doubted not was the youth's baptismal appellation, and received the following reply:—

“ My name ain't Cory Dunn; he lives waggener wid Farmer Stubbles. My name's Tom Stiles, miss, and I left my pipe at home, cos I ain't got no baccum.”

Alas! what a shock this answer gave to the delicate sensibilities of Miss Amantina, a young lady of a highly nervous temperament, and possessing a heart of the most exquisite sensibility—absolutely overflowing with love and poesy. Of humble parentage but great expectations, the lovely maiden had passed her early years amid the bustle of a commercial city, and well was it for her that the locality chosen by her worthy and respectable progenitors for an abiding place happened to be in a back court, somewhat retired, and that a gentleman, philanthropically disposed, lived next door to her father's “ easy shaving

shop," who kept for hire an extensive assortment of poems, novels, and romances, remarkable for their musty smell, and the delightful air of antiquity which invested them like halo. From these she imbibed lessons of wisdom, from these she gathered instruction as a bee gathers honey, and stored up in the cells of her imagination those beautiful pictures of Arcadian life—those images so true to nature—that are found in the pages of the poet and romancist. Entertaining an earnest desire to mingle in the scenes of pastoral pleasure of which she had read, and which she supposed constituted the every-day existence of a dweller in the country; longing to dance on the daisied sward, keeping time to the music of the pipe and the tabor—to become the *Phillis* to some *Damon*—the *Abra* to some royal *Abbas*, who, in the disguise of a shepherd, might win her virgin heart,—imagine her delight on receiving an invitation to spend a few weeks at "Cow's Paradise," a dairy farm belonging to the Duke of Butterworth, and situated in the charming vale of Slopmere, of which her paternal uncle, *Jedidiah Higgins*, had the management.

Forth she came, arrayed in smiles like young Aurora, and white muslin clear-starched for the occasion, with pink ribbons, corkscrew ringlets, and low-quartered shoes like *Columbine*, determined on conquest; her memory stored with passages from *Ambrose Philips*, *Prior*, *Shenstone*, and the elder bucolic writers, to be used as occasion might require. But how bitterly was she disappointed! Instead of the perfumed incense arising from altars dedicated to *Venus* or *Diana*, the fumes of tobacco offended her nostrils at every turn; pipes there were in plenty, but they were not those high Pandean from their sylvan inventor, nor those of oatmeal straw with stops, whose

"——— notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"

erewhile delighted the ears of swains and shepherdesses. No, these were pipes of a different sort—pipes which exhaled nothing but smoke and a villainous odour—pipes dedicated not to the gods of music and shady solitudes, but to those of dreams, and sleep, and mistiness—pipes devoted to the consumption of that to which we think the ghost in *Hamlet* must have alluded, when he spake of

"The fat weed, that rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf."

All smoked, from her uncle the manager down to the herd-boy, because, as the former worthy individual assured *Amantina*, "it was a precious good thing to keep off the *ague*, a monstrous prevailing disorder in such fenny districts."

Without pausing to relate the many disappointments Miss *Amantina Dowsabel* was doomed to encounter, we shall merely state, that thoroughly suffumigated and sickened of country pleasures, she returned to the home of her parents, where we shall leave her to muse over vanished visions, while we proceed to matters more intimately connected with the subject of this paper.

"Sublime tobacco! that from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour, or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping and the Strand;
Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe.
Like other charmers wooing the caress
More dazzlingly, when luring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar!"

Thus sang *Byron* in praise of the Virginian weed, and thus has sung or would sing many another of the sons of

genius, whose finely-strung nerves and acute sensibilities must render them peculiarly liable to indulge in powerful stimulants, which may have the effect of exciting the imagination, and enabling them to triumph for a while over physical weakness, and the languor resulting from too long continued an exercise of the mental powers. Without entering into the question of whether evil or good is likely to result from the oft-repeated use of tobacco, we purpose stringing together a few observations and *memoranda* that have come within the scope of our reading, and which I trust will not prove uninteresting to the curious in such matters.

Hobbes the philosopher was an inveterate smoker, even, says *Byron*, to pipes beyond computation; and old *Parr* is said to have resembled more an Egyptian mummy than an animated being, his skin having become shrivelled and completely tanned by the atmosphere of tobacco-smoke by which he was almost constantly surrounded, so that his language, generally sufficiently sententious, sounded like the words of an oracle, uttered amid mist and shrouding vapour. *Charley Lamb*—we love to speak of him thus familiarly—wrote a "Farewell to Tobacco," in which he alternately reproaches and blesses it with all the passionate fondness of a lover obliged to part from his mistress. We must content ourselves with quoting a portion only of this quaint address, it being somewhat lengthy.

"For thy sake, TOBACCO, I
Would do any thing but die,
And but seek t' extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise;
But as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced;
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Catharine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest tobacco boys;
Where, though I by sour physician
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life,
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite."

Shade of *Sir Walter Raleigh*, look not thus threateningly upon us! Thine eyes are like twin comets gleaming through a cloud; the tip of thy nose is like a glancing bale-fire; and thy pointed beard is quivering with anger, amid the wreathing vapour that curls gracefully around thee: like the mists of morning, that shroud, with their envious folds, some majestic tower or rocky pinnacle. We meant thee no disrespect, O patron saint of puffers! We would not throw *cold water* in thy face, as did the menial who deemed thee liable to "spontaneous combustion." We would not *quench* thy claims to consideration, nor *dissipate* with the cruel blast of scorn the hallowing vapour that surrounds thy name—no, not to be prince of *Oronoko*, or the richest of *Virginian* planters! We are willing to hail thee potentate of pipes, or (if in thy time pipes were not) sachem of segars, first of fumigators, superior smoker, and transcendent taker of tobacco! It is usual, in ordering a procession, to allow some of the inferior personages, who are most devoted to the principal individual, to precede him, that they may proclaim his titles and virtues, and prepare the way for his coming; therefore have we intro-

duced before thee the noble bard. What fitter herald couldst thou have?—and the two grave old men, to give weight to his assertions; and the droll Elia, to blurt out his quaint witticisms, and put every one in good humour, so that all may greet thee with a smile. For this we claim thy forgiveness; the neglect was but apparent; and now from thy dwelling-place, *in nubibus*, listen and be propitiated, while we repeat a sonnet in praise of thee, and of the herb that so well thou lovest:—

“ Friend of the friendless—philanthropic weed !
On rich and poor alike thy balm bestowing,
In humble clay, or richest hookah glowing ;
Blest be thy tillage, fruitful be thy seed,
In happier days from all vile duty freed ;
Light be the turf upon the honoured grave
Of him who bore thee o'er the western wave,
Deathless in fame, if this his only doed ;
Immortal Raleigh! were potatoes not,
Could grateful Ireland e'er forget thy claim ?
‘ Where all thy proud historic deeds forgot,’
That blend thy memory with Eliza's fame :
Could England's annals in oblivion rot,
TOBACCO would enshrine and consecrate thy name.”

Tradition asserts that the great statesman and navigator here apostrophised, used to sit at his door in Friday-street, parish of St. Matthew, London, smoking, with Sir Hugh Middleton, his friend; and that the passengers who passed by, inhaling the aromatic flavour of the weed, were induced to become smokers themselves, and thus the custom grew prevalent through the land. Spenser, in his Faery Queene, calls it “divine tobacco;” but whether he indulged in the use of it, we nowhere learn. On the other hand, we have Stow, the chronicler, who speaks of “that stinking weed, so much abused to God's dishonour,” and King Jamie, who, in his celebrated treatise, called a Counterblast to Tobacco, says, that were he to invite the devil to a dinner, he would place before him, first, a pig; second, a poll of ling and mustard; and, third, a pipe of tobacco, to assist digestion. In a letter from Sir John Harrington to Sir Amias Paulet, detailing an interview with this king, is the following passage:—“I did forget to tell that his majesty much asked concerning my opinion of the new weed, tobacco, and said it would, by its use, infuse ill qualities into the brain, and that no learned man ought to taste it.” That Oliver Cromwell did not discourage the use of tobacco, we may presume from this passage of a letter, written by Whitelock, and quoted, like the above, by Mr. Jesse, in his “Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts,” &c.:—“We would be shut up three or four hours together in private discourse, and none were admitted to come in to him (Cromwell). He would sometimes be exceedingly familiar with us, and by way of diversion would make verses, and every one must try his fancy; he commonly called for tobacco, pipes, and a candle, and would now and then take tobacco himself.” Fancy “old Noll” leaning back in an easy chair with a pipe stuck in his mouth, his grim swarthy visage enveloped in smoke, gleaming like the sun through a fog, and he the while cracking jokes and capping rhymes, above all things! slapping his straight-haired counsellors on the back, or shying his high-crowned hat at one of them, because he could not immediately make a couplet of the query,—

Who tanned the royal troopers' hides?
And fancy the redoubtable Jedidiah Saved-by-Grace, having “bobbed” his head to avoid the missile, drawling out, in conventicle tones,—

The—mighty—Cromwell's—“iron—sides.”
What a picture for Butler to have introduced into his “*Hudibras*”!

We are not aware that Shakspeare makes any allusion to tobacco, unless, as Dr. Gray supposes, “the juice of cursed *Hebenon*,” which was poured into the ear of the king of Denmark, while sleeping in his garden, was the oil of this herb, which is a most virulent poison, and would no doubt destroy life if applied in such manner. The circumstance of its having been called at the time “henbane of Peru,” would seem to strengthen the supposition of the commentator. Ben Jonson—“glorious Ben,” as his friends and admirers loved to call him—makes frequent mention of tobacco, as the following examples will serve to show:—

Face—“ This is my friend Abel, an honest fellow ;
He lets us have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with suck-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapped up in greasy leather, * * * * *
But keeps it in fine lily pots, that opened,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.”

THE ALCHEMIST.

Justice—“ Neither do you lust after that tawny weed tobacco,

* * * * *
Whose complexion is like the Indian that eats it!

* * * * *
“ And who can tell if, before the gathering and making up thereof, the allagaitor hath not crawled therein ? * * * * *
The creeping venom of which subtle serpent, as some late writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perilous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way persway or assuage. * * * * * Hence it is that the lungs of the tobaccoconist are rotted, the liver spotted, the brain smoked like the back part of the pig-woman's booth here, and the whole body within, black as her pan e'en now you saw without. * * * * * Nay, the hole in the nose here of some tobacco takers, or the third nostril (if I may so call it), which makes that they can vent the tobacco smoke, like the ace of clubs, or rather the flower-de-lis, is caused from the tobacco, the mere tobacco !”—*Bartholomew Fair*.

Trains—“ What does he now, Sir ?

Sir Poule—Shew

The taking of tobacco, with which the devil
Is so delighted * * * * *
You takers of tobacco and stropg waters,
Mark this.”

Aurelia—“ Sister, i'fith you take too much tobacco,
It makes you black within as y're are without.”

THE CASE IS ALTERED.

By this quotation it would appear that the use of tobacco was not confined to the male sex; and we also find in Beaumont and Fletcher an allusion to its use by females. Theodore, recommending his sisters for service, says,—

“ They're fit for any thing ;
They'll wait upon a man (they are not bashful)
Carry his cloak, untie his points, or any thing,
Get drunk and take tobacco.”

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

There are other allusions to this prevailing practice scattered through the writings of the last-named dramatists, but many of them are of such a nature as to render their repetition here impossible; one more passage from glorious Ben's “*Bartholomew Fair*” we must give:—“ And bottle-ale is a drink of Satan's, a diet drink of Satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity; as the smoke of tobacco to keep us in mist and error.” Peter Hausted, in his “*Raphael*

Thorius," published 1651, thus violently denounces the weed :—

" Let it be damned to hell, and called from thence
Prosperine's wine, the Furies' frankincense,
The devil's addle eggs."

As an antidote to this furious philippic, take the following, entitled "A Tobacconist," and quoted by Brand from an old collection of epigrams :—

" All dainty meats I do defy,
Which feed men fat as swine ;
He is a frugal man, indeed,
Who on a leaf can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands
His fingers' ends to wipe,
He keeps his kitchen in a box,
His roast meat in a pipe."

We have no opportunity of referring to the works of Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and others of the old dramatists, among whose writings we doubt not but something on the subject in hand might be found, as they let few of the prevailing vices and follies of the times escape their notice. In fact, in looking over their pages, we are astonished at the extent and variety of the knowledge displayed by them; the vast range of their information, from the greatest national events to the most trivial circumstances, affecting families and individuals only; the profoundest truths of philosophy and science, the frivolities of fashion, and the traits and characteristics of life in all its grades—seem to have been alike known to them. Their minds resembled the trunk of an elephant, uplifting with equal facility the mightiest and the most minute objects.

But to proceed. Francis Quarles, in his "Emblems," first printed in 1630, has one hieroglyphic, in which is pictured a being, who represents mankind at large, seated on a globe (the world) to which he is chained by the leg. He is smoking from a pipe, exactly like those of clay now in common use, and underneath is a poem, which commences thus :—

" Flint-hearted stoicks, you whose marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despise
To follow nature's too affected fashion,
Or travel in the regent walk of passion ;
Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,
Or play at fast and loose with smiles and tears ;
Come, burst your spleens with laughter to behold
A new-found vanity, which days of old
Ne'er knew : a vanity that has beset
The world, and made more slaves than Mahomet :
That has condemned us to the servile yoke
Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.
But stay ! why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies and for new-born crimes ?
Are we sole guilty, and the first age free ?
No ! they were smoked and slaved as well as we.
What's sweet-lipped honour's blast but smoke ? What's
treasure
But very smoke, and what's more smoke than pleasure ?"

Sir William Davenant, describing London in 1634, says, "I now return to visit your houses, where the roofs are so low, that I presume your ancestors were very manly, and stood bare to their wives; for I cannot discern how they could wear their high-crowned hats : yet will I enter, and therein oblige you much, when you know my aversion to a certain weed that governs amongst your coarser acquaintance, as much as lavender amongst your coarser linen ; to which, in my apprehension, your sea-coal smoke seems a very Portugal perfume. I should here hasten to a period, for fear of suffocation, if I thought you so ungracious as to use it in public assemblies ; and yet I

see it grow so much in fashion, that methinks your children begin to play with broken pipes, instead of corals, to make way for their teeth." A contributor to "Hone's Every Day Book" remarks, that "among the *Curiosa Cantabrienses* it may be recorded, that our most religious and gracious king, as he was called in the Liturgy, Charles the Second, who, as his worthy friend, the Earl of Rochester, remarked,—

" Never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one,"

sent a letter to the University of Cambridge, forbidding the members to wear periwigs, to *smoke tobacco*, and read their sermons ! It is needless to remark that tobacco has not yet made its *exit in fumo*, and that periwigs still continue to adorn "the heads of houses." Hawkins Browne, who flourished in the reign of Queen Anne, wrote a poem entitled "A Pipe of Tobacco." It is divided into six parts, each of which is an imitation of the style of a contemporary author. As it will not be possible, even were it desirable, to give the whole of this "sextiad" in praise of tobacco, we shall merely quote some of the most pregnant passages. Parts I. and II. are happy imitations of Colly Cibber and Ambrose Philips ; the former is made to say,

" When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire ;
When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire ;"

And the latter thus apostrophises his pipe :—

" Little tube of mighty power,
Charm of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire."

In the third, Thomson is supposed to pour forth his rolling numbers ; mark, at the inspiration of such a theme, how grandiloquent he becomes :—

" Oh thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco ! fountain pure of limpid truth,
That looks the very soul ; whence pouring thought
Swarms all the mind ; absorbt in yellow case ;
And at each puff imagination burns.
Flash on thy bard, and, with exulting fires,
Touch the mysterious lip that chants thy praise,
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed,
And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill :
* * * * *

In the fourth, the "poet of the night" takes up the strain as follows :—

" Critics, avaunt ! tobacco is my theme ;
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.
And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine my verse inspire,
So shall the muse from smoke elicit fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff,
Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff :
Sir Fopling smokes not—for his teeth afraid ;
Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon,
And love no smoke except the smoke of town :
But courtiers hate the puffing trade—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter !
Its foes but show their ignorance ; can he
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree ?"
* * * * *

In the fifth, the author of the "Dunciad" gives his meed of praise, and satirizes the vices and follies of his

fellow-men, with a pen caustic as that of the foregoing author.

" Blest leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
To Templars modesty, to parsons sense ;
So raptured priests, at famed Dodona's shrine,
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content more solid than the smile of lords ;
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good :
Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister dear,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
While supplerless he plies the piddling trade.
What though to love and soft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taste thee unexcised by kings."

In conclusion, the witty, but not always decent, Dean of St. Patrick's, is made to exclaim,—

" Boy, bring an ounce of Freeman's best,
And bid the vicar be my guest.
* * * * *
I ask not what the French are doing,
Or Spain, to compass Britain's ruin ;

Britons, if undone, can go
Where tobacco loves to grow."

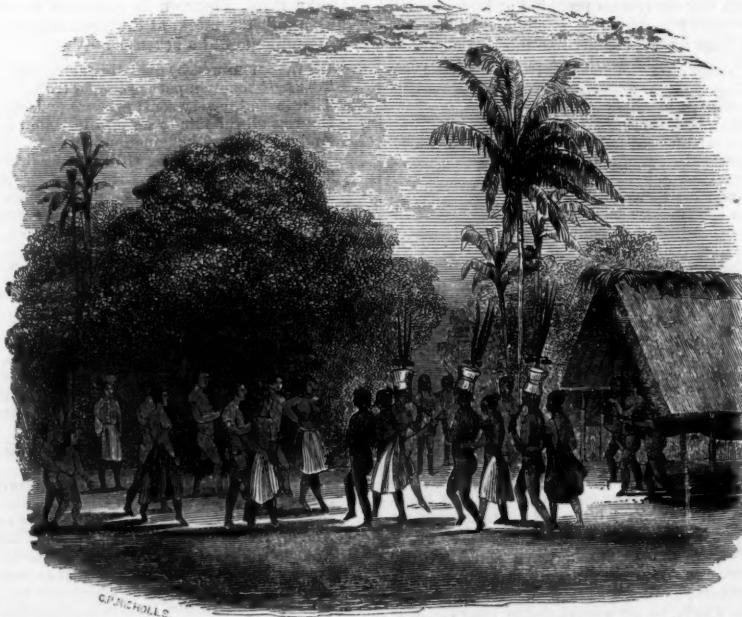
Having much more interesting matter collected than will come within the compass of a single paper, we shall at a future period return to this subject: in the mean time we recommend to our readers' consideration the words of a quaint old moralist, whose "Meditations on Tobacco" are copied from the Bannatyne MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

" Why should we so much despise
So good and holy an exercise,
As dailie and latu
To meditate
While we drink (query, smoke) tobacco?
The earthen pype so lillie whyte,
Doth shew thou art a mortall wighte;
Yea, even suche,
Brooke with a tuche;
Thus think, then drink tobacco.
And when the smoak ascends on hye,
Think on this earthlie vanitye
Of worldlie stuff,
Gon with a puff;
Thus think, then drink tobacco.
Lastlie, the ashes left behind
Doe daylie serve to move the mind
That ashes and dust
Become we must;
Thus think, then drink tobacco."

BRITISH COLONIES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

WE present our readers with two more specimens of the

pictorial illustrations of Mr. Schomburgk's work on Guiana. The annexed engraving represents a "Warrau Dance."



The dance is thus described:—"When the dance is about to commence, the women hide themselves; for which they have sufficient time, as the men move first

round in a circle. At a signal given by the band-master, the men disperse in all directions in search of them; every corner of the house is looked into; every bush or tree in

the neighbourhood is subjected to examination. As soon as the hiding-place of one is discovered, she is conducted to the dancing-place, and ordered to keep the station assigned to her. When the men think they have secured all, they begin to dance round their fair prizes, and at another signal, the women are at liberty to try and make their escape; but the men quickly pursue those whom they have selected for their share; and if fortunate enough to recapture them, they are led back in triumph to the

circle, and then all dance round in the usual step. It is a most animating scene, from the swiftness exerted on both sides—by the female to escape, who if she succeed, is loudly applauded by her own sex; by the man to capture, as they express themselves, a Macusi slave."

The following sketch of an Indian female of the Warrau tribe, will give a better idea of the natives of Guiana than could be formed from the figures grouped into the preceding engraving. Let not our readers be appalled.



We may possibly recur to this interesting work, which is enriched with a variety of pictorial illustrations.

THE PRIEST OF THE NILE.*

THE object of this work is to illustrate the mystic history of the Egyptian Osiris. The idea, as Mrs. Tinsley remarks in her preface, is a bold one, and she has worked it out with great ability. She gives full scope to her imagination. She avails herself of all the "possible means characteristic of the times and the individual identified with it." Mrs. Tinsley displays a very intimate acquaintance with the ancient history of Egypt. Our only difficulty in forming an estimate of the character of the work, is in drawing the line of demarcation between the regions of fiction and fact—of deciding where history ends and fancy begins. "The Priest of the Nile" is in the strictest sense of the term, an historical romance. The portions of

it which we like best, are those which are of a descriptive nature. Some of Mrs. Tinsley's descriptions are vivid and graphic in an ordinary degree. Witness, in proof of this, her sketch of

THE FESTIVAL OF THE NILE.

"The season in which the festival of the Nile was celebrated, was the commencement of spring, and the early twilight was anticipated by myriads of lamps,* that not only covered temple and palace, obelisk and pillar, together with the humble home of the artizan, but were suspended in fanciful groupings from habitation to habitation, till the city presented a blaze of light equal to that of the clearest noonday. As the radiance emitted from this almost supernatural illumination became gradually in-

* The Priest of the Nile. A Tale of Ancient Egypt. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley. In 2 vols. Whittaker and Co.

* In Egypt there was no rejoicing, no festival of any consideration at all, unaccompanied with illumination.—*Mailett.*

tenser, the living mass beneath was observed to move as with one accord towards the scene of the approaching solemnity. The temple dedicated to the worship of the Nile, was situated without the walls of Thebes, and was one of the most stupendous as well as beautiful structures which at that period abounded. As approached on this occasion with every portion of its various appendages, the propylon, the pyramid, the obelisk, and the colossi, clearly defined in the rejoicing light, it presented in itself the appearance of an extensive city. The principal entrance, at some distance from which the crowd halted, was illuminated to its greatest elevation, upon which the stars seemed to rest, hallowing it with purer associations; and as the great door in the centre, (supported on either side by colossal figures ninety feet high,) was thrown open, and the stately procession of priests moved forward to the measure of subdued music, expressive of supplication and self-abasement, it required little aid from imagination with the principal portion of those assembled, to enable them to enter fully into the spirit of the scenes that were to follow.

The front of the temple was immediately opposite the stream of the Nile, from which it was distant about five hundred yards. On either side of this the spectators arranged themselves with the utmost regularity, even to the edge of the river, leaving a spacious avenue in the centre for the procession to pass. The priests walked in pairs, preceded by a single individual, who was high priest of the temple; and attended by a long line of musicians, who followed in the same order. On either side of the open space, and elevated far above the heads of the people, were myriads of lamps, so arranged as to form the sacerdotal characters in use at the time, and to which at regular intervals the priests turned, announcing, with one voice, the substance of the inscriptions to the assembled people. Arrived at the extreme edge of the river, the priests ascended a superbly ornamented vessel, whose sides were also illuminated, and fancifully adorned with the flowers of the lotus, which, after gliding into the middle of the Nile, became stationary, and the most important part of the ceremony, consisting merely in offerings of frankincense and propitiatory prayers to the supposed deity, commenced.*

To facilitate the accommodation of the strangers collected to witness these rites, platforms had been erected to some distance from the immediate scene of their celebration. The scene presented on every side was, indeed, not one to be viewed with indifference;—the streaming light of the city, reflected as from an interminable wilderness of column and colossi within its hundred gates;—the abrupt and startling elevation of the majestic pile, dedicated to the worship of the god whose beneficent influences were being invoked;—the kneeling multitude, stretching out like a sea in its unbroken density, no motion perceptible along its deep ranks, over which was suspended a brooding silence, voiceless as the sleep of death;—the dignified movements of the priests with their flowing white garments and bare heads, scattering from golden censers their bloodless sacrifice on the glittering waves of the mysterious river;—the uninterrupted and spiritual flow of the prayer-like music,—and last, though not the least attractive feature in the scene, the long line of barbarians† promiscuously intermixed, each brought out into strong

* Until the time of the Ptolemies the Egyptians never offered any bloody sacrifices to their gods, but worshipped them only with their prayers and frankincense.

† The Egyptians called all Barbarians who spoke a language different from their own.

relief against his fellow by the intense, but peculiarly softened light, emitted from beneath and around them.

As the ceremony proceeded, the sound of the music was suddenly stilled, and the deep silence was broken upon by a low murmured prayer, or invocation, which, commencing with the priests, was caught up by the nearest line of devotees, and prolonged through the collected myriads, till the low breathing of the scarcely aspirated chant arose from their moveless masses like the deep roar of a storm-lifted sea. During this part of the ceremony, the priests continued at intervals to pour frankincense on the sacred waters; and when, after a lapse of about ten minutes, the many-voiced supplication died away, it was instantaneously succeeded by a tremendous and universal exclamation of triumph, beneath whose continued vibrations the earth seemed to heave up.

The rite was over; the propitiation of the god completed; and the remainder of the night was to be devoted by the laymen of Egypt to festivity and gladness of heart. The priests moved back to their temple in the same order which they had observed upon leaving it, and the musicians closing behind, called forth all the powers of their respective instruments in a strain of exultation and joy."

The interest of the volume is well sustained. The production of the book has been to Mrs. Tinsley evidently a labour of love. By the intellectual few it will be admired; but it is too full of research to be read by the many.

LAYS OF A LUNATIC.

TO THE MOON.

O LADY Moon! sweet lady Moon!
I've watched and waited for thee long;
Why cam'st thou not the hills aboon,
To listen to my votive song?
My thoughts are sad, and out of tune,
And every thing appeareth wrong,
When thou, sweet Moon, approachest not,
To cheer my dark abiding spot.

Full many a solitary hour,
Fair lady Moon, I've waited thee;
Still tarrietist thou within thy bower.
Of clouds, that rest upon the sea;
But now thou comest in the power
Of beauty, robed in purity,
To smile upon me once again,
And listen to my votive strain.

Oh! that I might my prison break,
And roam with thee upon the hills;
My couch among the heather make,
Lulled by the murmur of the rills;
By thee accompanied, partake
Of that pure joy which ever fills
The breasts of those who dwell afar
From where man's habitations are:

But oh, alas! this may not be!
My feet have heavy shackles on;
The walls are high, and liberty
May not, by any means, be won;
I never more shall walk with thee
At night, the mountain slopes upon;
Nor wander by the valley streams,
Illumined by thy placid beams.

I never more shall list the lay
The nightingale to thee outpours;
My heart is sick; I pine away
To drink of nature's honied stores;

The same to me is night and day,
Save when the glance my soul adores
Doth penetrate my gloomy cell,
And I to thee my woes can tell.

Oh, gentle Moon ! thou'st ever been
To me a kind and loving friend ;
In boyhood, through the meadows green,
Thou didst my bounding steps attend,
And oft the woodland boughs between
Wouldst thou thy tender glances send ;
I cared not for the garish sun,
'Twas thee who all my heart had won :

Therefore it was that from my home
I wandered through the livelong night,
To watch thee from the ocean come,
And make the shady places bright ;—
Along the river's side to roam,
And mark the ripples dance in light,
Rejoicing to be kissed by thee,
Who art the queen of purity.

Therefore it was I loved to sleep
Alone upon the mountain's side,
For thou didst vigil o'er me keep,
And smiled on me in virgin pride ;—
Oh ! for those blessed nights I weep ;
How gladly would I then have died,
With thy sweet kiss my lips upon—
Even as died Endymion !

And so they called me mad for this—
Because I worshipped thee, sweet Moon !
And only knew and tasted bliss,
And only counted life a boon,
When thou didst greet me with a kiss,
And sang to me thy silver tune,
Soft as the music of the spheres,
And never meant for others' ears.

In sooth, they did me grievous wrong
To bear me from thy light away ;
But I was weak, and they were strong,
And vainly might for mercy pray ;
I was a lamb that dwelt among
The hills, and ravening wolves were they,
That came and seized me unawares,
Despite my cries, despite my prayers.

My curses on them, one and all !
May foul disease upon them wait ;
So that grim Death, the spoiler, shall
Sit ever ready at their gate ;
May sorrow, like a sombre pall,
O'ershadow them, and may their state
While here, be fraught with deepest woe,
Their souls to endless torment go !

Oh ! I could tear them limb from limb !—
Nay, gentle Moon, hide not thy face ;
Withdraw that cloudy veil so dim ;
Come forth from out thy hiding place ;
My brain whirls round, my senses swim ;
Be with me yet a little space ;
See, I am calm, my lips are mild,
As when I was a prattling child.

Thanks, thanks, sweet lady Moon ! again
Thou smildest on me as of yore ;
Thou quietest my whirling brain,
And still'st my throbbing pulse ; no more
I'll think on bygone years ; 'tis vain,
Ay, worse than vain, for when I o'er
Would turn the leaves of Memory's book,
By Reason is her throne forsook.

And then it seems as burning streams
Of molten lava filled my veins ;
I utter yells and piercing screams,
And fiercely strive to break my chains ;

And then I have such fearful dreams
Of dooms, and penalties, and pains ;
And spirits of the damned come
To drag me to their fiery home.

Ah me ! ah me ! I'm very weak
To struggle with the demon power,
No friendly voice doth ever seek
To cheer me in the gloomy hour ;
My hands are skinny, and my cheek
Is hueless as the drooping flower,
That blooms upon its bed of snow,
Would I were lain that flower below !

But now, farewell, sweet lady ! high
That ridest all in silver light,
I'll slumber while thou watchest nigh,
And bathest me in holy light ;
Take not from me thy pitying eye,
And dreams will haunt me—oh, so bright !
To-morrow night thou'll come again,
And hearken to the captive's strain.

H. G. ADAMS.

ECCENTRICITIES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Many have exhibited foibles and vices in proportion to the magnitude of the talents by which they were raised above other men, lest, perhaps, they might carry themselves too much above common humanity. Pope was an epicure, and would lie in bed at Lord Bolingbroke's for days, unless he was told there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly and came to the table. Even Sir Isaac Newton gave credit to the idle nonsense of judicial astrology ; he who first calculated the distances of the stars, and revealed the laws of motion by which the Supreme Being organises and keeps in their orbits unnumbered worlds ; he who had revealed the mysteries of the stars themselves. Dryden, Sir Isaac Newton's contemporary, believed in the same absurdity. The great Duke of Marlborough, when visited by Prince Eugene on the night before a battle, when no doubt the two generals were in consultation upon a measure that might decide the fate of an empire, was heard to call his servant to account for lighting up four candles in his tent upon the occasion, and was once actually seen on horseback darning his own gloves. Hobbes, who wrote the "Leviathan," a deist in creed, had a most extraordinary belief in spirits and apparitions. Locke, the philosopher, the matter of fact Locke, who wrote, and in fact established the decision of things by the rule of right reason, laying down the rule itself ; he delighted in romances and revelled in works of fiction. What was the great Lord Verulam ? Alas ! too truly, "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind." As for Martin Luther, the reformer, he was so passionate and unchristian-like that he struck his friends, Melancthon in particular, and perhaps would have burned him, as readily as an inquisitor in those days would have burned a heretic, in the paroxysms of his rage. Cardinal Richelieu, the minister of a great empire, believed in the calculation of nativities. Sir Thomas More burned the heretic to whom in his writings he gave full liberty of conscience. Alexander the Great was a drunkard, and slew his friends in his cups. Caesar sullied the glory of his talents by the desire of governing his country despotically, and died the victim of his ambition, though one of the wisest, most accomplished, and humane of conquerors. But we are travelling too far back for examples which should be taken from later times. Tasso believed in his good angel, and was often observed to converse with what he fancied was a spirit or demon, which he declared he saw. Raphael, the most gifted artist the world ever produced, died at the

age of thirty-seven, his constitution weakened by irregular living. Dr. Samuel Johnson was notoriously superstitious. Sir Christopher Wren, who built St. Paul's Cathedral, was a believer in dreams. He had a pleurisy once, being in Paris, and dreamed that he was in a place where palm trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic dress gave him some dates. The next day he sent for some dates, in the full belief of their revealed virtues, and they cured him. Dr. Halley had the same superstitious belief. Melanchthon believed in dreams or apparitions, and used to say that one came to him in his study, and told him to bid Guynaeus, his friend, to go away for some time, as the Inquisition sought his life. His friend went away in consequence, and thus, by accident, really saved his life. Addison was fond of the bottle, and is said to have shortened his days by it. Burns, the poet, was a hard drinker, and there can be no doubt wore out his constitution by his conviviality. Goldsmith was a gambler, and the victim of the fraudulent. Prior was the dupe of a common woman, whom he believed to be an angel. Garrick was as vain as any woman, and equally loved flattery. Kneller's vanity was such that nothing was too gross for him to swallow. Porson, the first of Greek scholars, was a notorious tippler.—We might multiply examples of the foregoing kind without end, but we need not have quoted so many to exhibit how wisely and well the balance is poised to keep human pride within due limits. The same lesson has been taught in all ages: we must, therefore, take our more gifted fellow men while living, with the full recollection of their foibles and failings. When they are taken away from us, and our flattery can no longer injure them, our admiration may have its full measure, and we are justified in suffering their glory, which may serve the living for an example of emulation, to blaze in full fulgence; that being their more noble earthly quality, destined for the benefit of future ages in the way of instruction, imitation, or to afford harmless amusement.

CURIOS INSTANCES OF THE INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATION.

PECULIAR effects of medicines sometimes depend on the imagination of the invalid, sometimes on preconceived prejudices respecting the action of the medicines. Many instances of these influences might be mentioned, but three will suffice to demonstrate their power. The late Dr. James Gregory had ordered an opiate to a young man, to relieve sleepless nights, under which he had suffered in convalescence from fever. He informed the patient that he had prescribed an *anodyne*, to be taken at bed-time; but the invalid, being somewhat deaf, understood him to say an *aperient*. Next morning, on the doctor inquiring whether he had slept after the anodyne, he replied, "Anodyne! I thought it was an aperient; and it has, indeed, operated briskly." A female lunatic was admitted into the County Asylum, at Hanwell, under Sir William Ellis; she imagined that she was labouring under a complaint which required the use of mercury; but Sir William, finding the idea of the existence of that disease was an insane delusion, yet, considering that flattering the opinion of the lunatic to a certain degree would be favourable to the recovery of her reason, ordered bread pills for her, and called them mercurial pills; after a few days she was salivated, and the pills were discontinued; on again ordering them after the salivation had subsided, she was a second time affected in the same manner; and this again happened on the recurrence to the use of the pills a third time. A lady, who was under the author's care, assured him that opium in any form always caused headache and restlessness, and vomiting on the following morning; and,

on prescribing laudanum for her under its usual name, "tinctura opii," he found that her account of its effects was correct; but, on prescribing it under the term "tinctura thebaica," which she did not understand (she read every prescription), it produced its usual salutary effect; and was continued for some time without inducing the smallest inordinate action. The author has also met with instances where similar prejudices respecting particular medicines were as readily overcome. Nostrums owe the beneficial powers which they occasionally display to this influence on the imagination.—*Thomson's Domestic Management of the Sick-room.*

ON THE NOVEL WRITING OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY GEORGE MOIR, ESQ.*

THE resemblance of Scott's mind to that of Shakspeare has been often remarked, and with some justice; for though even the most enthusiastic admirers of the romance writer will hardly venture to claim for him an equality of powers with Shakspeare, there were strong kindred features in the characters of their minds. In both we are struck with the same general and almost universal sympathies, leading to impartial and kindly views of all men and all opinions, the most remote from their own; a cheerful, healthful tone of feeling, which brightens existence about us, instead of dwelling on its evils; an avoidance of all moral casuistry, or treading on the borders of the forbidden, either in the creation of characters or of incidents; the feeling of the humorous as strongly developed as the sensibilities and the imagination; great self-possession, and a noiseless exertion of power, working out its end not by sudden bursts or high-wrought passages, but by a silent and steady progression, like the dawn brightening into the fullness of day.

The works of Scott produce their effect rather by the combination of many qualities than the predominance of any. In depth of feeling, we think he yields to the author of *Anastasius*; in invention of incident, and disposition of plot, he is equalled by many; his humour will hardly bear a comparison with that of Sterne, or the best parts of Fielding; and in the direct and forcible expression of the stronger passions, we should be inclined to give the preference both to Godwin and the author of *Valerius*. But his strength lies in the possession and harmonious adjustment of most of the qualities requisite to the novelist, none engrossing the whole mind, none excluding another, but all working together in kindly unison; learning arrayed in the most picturesque combinations; observation of life not embodied in abstractions, but in living forms; humour springing out of tenderness, like smiles struggling through tears; the spirit of ancient knighthood leavening the worldly wisdom of modern times; and the imagination of the poet adorning, without impairing, the common sympathies and good-humoured sagacity of the man.

The department in which this combination of qualities has been most successfully displayed by Scott, was that of the historical romance—a class of fictions which he may truly be said to have created. For although fictions bearing the title of historical romances, were by no means uncommon in English literature before the time of Scott; such as the *Recess* of Miss Lee, or the *Scottish Chiefs* of Miss Porter, it is apparent that they stand in a totally different class; not being, in fact, historical, except in the names of the characters. Obvious as the idea now

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appears, Scott was in truth, the first to show how much invention may gain by a union with reality; what additional probability, interest, and importance might be given to the fortunes of imaginary heroes, by interweaving their destinies with those of historical personages; nay, how much of romance in its finest forms lies in the characters and events of history itself, invisible to the prosaic or merely philosophic observer, but obvious at once to the eye of imagination. He has carried the picturesque of history to its perfection; for without imparting to his portraits the deep and subtle traits by which Shakspere so wonderfully individualises the beings of his dramas, he never fails at least to present consistent and striking pictures of his historical personages in their habit as they lived, and to dispose the light and shadow about them in felicitous adjustment: dress, look, gestures, manner, and the outward accompaniments of scenery, being all made important accessories to heighten the effect of well-known peculiarities, or to hide the want of those over which time has dropped a veil which even imagination can hardly raise.

In description, indeed, generally, Sir Walter Scott was unrivalled. Whatever he sees with the eye of the mind, shapes itself into words which enable us to *see it too*. His pictures combine, in a singular way, breadth and minuteness; for while he painted the details with sharpness and firmness, no one understood better the art of arrangement in masses; so that he never fails to give the spirit as well as the form of the spot, making us *feel* the solemnity and gloom of castles and Druidical forests, the calm produced by the still beauty of a Highland lake, from which the morning mist is disappearing, or the healthy elevation of spirits with which we travel up some mountain height, whence we see far into the country beyond, and "feel the breath of heaven fresh blowing."

We offer no remarks upon his characters except this, that making every allowance for repetitions, no writer of fiction since Shakspere has enriched the portrait gallery of invention with more originals of which we have a distinct conception; and though his female characters have less variety and less truth, than his male personages, we know no writer, except Shakspere, to whom the same remark may not justly be applied.

The plots of Scott, speaking generally, are neither remarkable for excellence, nor the reverse. Examples may in fact be found in the long list of his romances, both of skilful and defective plots. *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, and the *Bride of Lammermoor*, for instance, are proofs how artfully he could at times arrange his plan; the two latter having all the compactness and steady progression of the drama. Others, again, such as *The Monastery*, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Rob Roy*, are in a high degree loose and inconsequential.

Fertile and inventive as was the genius of Scott, it cannot, we think, be denied, that during the latter half of his career as a writer of fiction, he appeared to less advantage. No wonder, indeed, when in addition to the limits by which all invention is bounded, we consider under what depressing circumstances many of his later works were composed; that in these even the elasticity of genius itself should be sometimes outworn and deadened; that the conventional, both in character and incident, should occasionally supply the place of invention; and that mere imagery, and not always very appropriate illustration, should be substituted for the natural turns which at first enlivened the dialogue. "If there be a mental drudgery," to use his own words in his notice of Charlotte Smith, "which lowers the spirits and lacerates the nerves like the toil of the slave, it is that which is exacted by literary composition, when the heart is not in unison with the work on

which the head is employed." When he breaks up new ground, as in *Nigel*, *Quentin Durward*, and *The Crusaders*, his genius indeed suffers little diminution; but in *Redgauntlet*, *Anne of Geierstein*, and *The Betrothed*, the practised skill of the mechanist recomposing old materials in new shapes, is far more visible than the freshness and spontaneity of an original inspiration. With the publication of *Kenilworth*, indeed, the sun of his fame may be said to have "touched the highest point of all its greatness;" but like that luminary during a polar summer, it seemed for a time rather to revolve than to descend, and its rays continued to look bright and beautiful, long after it was journeying towards the west.

No writer ever exercised so great an influence over the public mind, or led to so much conscious or unconscious imitation. His influence on France, Italy, and Germany, we shall afterwards have occasion to notice. On the literature of Great Britain, we believe it to have exerted, on the whole, a most beneficial effect; not, indeed, that any professed imitation of his manner has yet appeared which possesses great claims to genius, but that he has carried a higher spirit into novel writing; taught us how the simple feelings of peasants, and the homely pathos of humble life, and the relents of feeling amongst the outcasts of society, might be made to blend with scenes of high imagination; that his writings are calculated to strengthen the ties of our common humanity; that they never tend to foster a bad, or to throw ridicule on a good or generous feeling; while speaking of them in a merely literary point of view, they taught lessons of simplicity, good taste, moderation, and skill in seizing the best points, both of character and description, which have not been without their effect even on those by whom the mere manner of Scott, or his choice of subjects, has been studiously avoided.

RAPID VEGETATION OF NORWAY.

The difference between the vegetation of Norway and of Scotland, is, indeed, very remarkable, and cannot help striking the most cursory observer. In some respects it may depend on causes beyond our ken; at the same time, much of the former's apparent superiority may be explained by considerations derived from its very excess of northern latitude. The Norwegian winter is long and severe; but there many seeds do not require to be sown until the spring; while many plants and trees are so protected by nature as to suffer little from cold, during a period of suspended germination, similar to the hibernation of animals in the same climate. Again, the summer is, alas! very brief, if we reckon the number of days from the last of the previous to the first of the frost of the succeeding winter; for we cannot talk of springs or autumns in this latitude. But then, each day may be almost counted as double, since for three months the sun shines uninterruptedly, with oblique, but still very powerful, rays upon the earth, which thus has scarcely any time to cool. This, added to the fact that the energies of vegetation have never been weakened by the occasional deceptive warmth of our winters, and perhaps also to the fertilizing effects of thawing snow, causes a rapidity of growth that is quite startling. It seems as if the seeds are scarcely put in the ground (only just cleared of snow), when their green shoots begin to appear; in a few days they have attained a considerable height; in a few days they are ready for the sickle. On revisiting a place after the lapse of a fortnight during the height of a northern summer, it is difficult to believe it to be the same spot, so totally are the features of the cultivated parts changed, in what appears so brief a period.—*Two Summers in Norway.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DYING DAUGHTER.

"O WHITHER shall we roam, my fair, fair one?
O where shall I fly with thee?
Shall I bear thee hence to the land of sun,
O'er the deep and dark blue sea?
Where the sunniest flowers of summer grow,
And in beauty smile so fair,
Where the softest sigh of the zephyrs blow,
Wilt thou go and love me there?"
'Twas the feeling pure of a deep felt love,
That breathed in the gentle strain,
For the father saw in his child of love,
That the glow of health was vain.
"To the sunny climes of a distant land,
O father, I'd gladly go;
But the purest sigh of their breezes bland,
Can ne'er chase this hectic glow.
O father! I'd go, I would go with thee,
Through all the wide world alone,
But a deep voice cries 'Oh, it cannot be,
Thou'rt bound for another home.'
'Tis the voice of truth, and I know it well,
And I hasten to its call,
But how can I break through the love-knit spell,
That entwines me in its thrall?
Ah! no more shall I roam with thee,
On the heath-clad mountain side,
Nor in woodland groves with the voice of glee,
Shall I roam where wild flowers hide.
But dreary and sad is the path I'll tread,
In the vale of death's dark gloom,
And soon shall this form lie low with the dead,
And my spirit meet its doom."
* * * * *
Slow and sad was that father's tread,
As they bore his child away,
And pure were the tears he shed o'er the dead,
As low in the grave she lay. A. W.

VARIETIES.

LENGTH OF DAYS.—At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm and Upsal, the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half. At Hamburg, Dantzig, and Stettin, the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven. At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk, the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours. At Tornes in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two and a half. At Waudorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22nd of July, without interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest lasts three months and a half.

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.—In the history of forgery it is a remarkable fact, that one of the jury who tried Dr. Dodd, was himself, within two years afterwards, guilty of the same offence, tried in the same court of justice, the Old Bailey, and executed on the same gallows, Tyburn. The terror of death was, in this case, as inefficient to prevent the crime as in the instance of Mr. Fauntleroy.

SWALLOWS.—An inhabitant of Troyes, who has been accustomed to catch swallows every year, to fasten ribands or other marks to them, and afterwards setting them at liberty, has generally found that if they returned the year following, they came back with the ribands or marks unaltered. This year one of the birds has returned to Troyes with Arabic characters in one of the plain ribands, which were affixed to it last season. The bird has no doubt wintered in Africa.—*The Naturalist.*

JEWS.—Talk what you will of the Jews, they thrive wherever they come; they are able to oblige the prince of their country by lending him money; none of them beg; they keep together; and, for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.—*Selden's Table Talk.*

HUNTER'S ONLY PUN.—The celebrated John Hunter is said to have made but one pun in his life, and that was when lecturing in Windmill-street School of Medicine. In demonstrating the jaw-bone, he observed that the bone was known to abound in proportion to the want of brains. Some students at the time were talking instead of attending to the lecture, upon which Hunter exclaimed, "Gentlemen, let us have more intellect and less jaw."—*Physic and Physicians.*

FRIENDS.—Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.—*Selden.*

HUMILITY.—Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy think it good for the laity.—*Selden.*

MOORE'S MELODIES.—A young and promising poetess, Lucretia Davidson, who died very early from nervous excitement, was particularly sensitive to music. There was one song—it was Moore's Farewell to his Harp—to which she took a special fancy. She wished to hear it only at twilight; thus, with that same perilous love of excitement which made her place the Aeolian harp in the window when she was composing—seeking to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous system already diseasedly susceptible; for it is said that whenever she heard this song she became cold, pale, and almost fainting; yet it was her favourite of all songs, and gave occasion to some verses addressed in her fifteenth year to her sister.—*Life of Moore.*

ECONOMY.—Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving, but in selection.—*Walker's Original.*

WALKING.—Walking is the best possible exercise. Habituate yourselves to walk very far. The Europeans value themselves on having subdued the horse to the use of man: but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of this animal. No one thing has occasioned so much degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey, as an enfeebled white does on his horse; and he will tire the best horses. A little walk of half an hour in the morning, when you first rise, is advisable. It shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.—*Jefferson's Memoirs.*

Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.—*W. S. Landor.*

THE HOLY LAND.—LENT.—The spot to which our Saviour had been led by the tempter is "an exceeding high mountain," called "Quaranta," from his fasting forty days. It overlooks the extensive and grand plain of Jericho, the Dead Sea, and an immeasurable extent of country, having in view Nebo, Pisgah, and other lofty mountains. Great difficulty is encountered in ascending it, from being covered with brushwood and briars. Many of the monks from Jerusalem and other parts enter caverns or dens dug in the sides of horrible precipices near it, and inhabit these during Lent, after the mode of Christ's fasting, and setting us an example to triumph over the vanities of this world and the temptations of hell.—*Rae Wilson.*

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